Topeka State Journal By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

(Entered July 1, 1875, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topcka, Kan. matter at the postoffice at inder the act of congress.]

Official State Paper.
Official Paper City of Topeka.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Daily edition, delivered by carrier, it cents a week to any part of Topeka, or suburbs, or at the same price in any Kan-sas town where the paper has a carries By mail one year....

TELEPHONES Private branch exchange. Call 107 and ask the State Journal operator for person or department desired.
Topeka State Journal building, 800 and 88 Kanesa avenue, corner Eighth.
New York Office: 250 Fifth avenue, Paul Block manager. lock, manager. go Office: Steger building. Pau menager. on Office: Trement Building, Paul

PULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRES

he State Journal is a member of the contated Press and receives the full day graph report of that great news or-fination for the exclusive afternoon ation in Topeica. news is received in The State & liding over wires for this sole y

The police seem determined not to permit the public to forget Jack Johnson.

There is this consolation in the contemplation of the ever-increasing cos of dying. It will have no terrors for the man in the coffin.

Lieutenant Becker is studying la in Sing Sing. Nevertheless he won't find anything in the books to justify assination of "squeaters."

Something exciting in the sport line is always on the boards in little old and New York. A chess congress tournament is now under way there.

And the exasperating part of it is that the Washington shop-keepers and hotel landlords deprived of the inauguration ball can't get even at the polls.

Bully! By George! A son of Governor Johnson, of California, one of the exceedingly rampant Bull Moosers, is some boxer of welterweight proportions.

President Taft's frankness in discussing his failure of re-election also adds to the evidence of the bigness of his caliber. There may come a time some day when the people will regret in the direction of righteousness. the way they voted on November 5.

weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth which is now heard along the byways of Kansas must come from the skunks. Doom seems to be the fate of the game law which affords them additional protection to that provided by nature.

Second-class postage rates may have played a part in the non-expense paying activities of the postoffice department. But an illegal traffic in postage stamps to the extent of a \$2,000,000 loss annually must have helped a little bit in that direction,

Nor will the picking of Turkey in the future be so delectable. The Balkan allies get all of the white meat. dark meat. And it wouldn't be surprising if the tottering Ottoman emdre last that also before many more years have rolled on their way.

All the parties concerned in the natural gas controversy have reached the conclusion that a raise in the price of gas is necessary, but none of them seem to think that it will be any wheres near as much as Judge Pollock might insist on going the limit to have

Mr. Underwood now proposes save the people \$80,000,000 a year by a deep cut in the tariff on cotton goods. But this will hardly provide many of the common herd with anything wonderful in the line of luxuries, as the pro rata saving among the multitudes in these United States will be less than \$1.

C. W. Morse, the New York banker who fooled the federal authorities into letting him out of prison by feigning a serious illness, may not be financially responsible, as he has testified in a proceeding that might cost him some money, but he has plenty of funds to live like a rich man, and travel around through Europe as it pleases his fancy.

More prize-fighting is going on all over the country than ever before. And yet there were prophets who in- mercial machinery is receiving more sisted that the fight between Jeffries than its just due, and that it needs it and Johnson marked the finale of the overhauling and simplifying, a task to pugilistic game in these United States, which the American people are fully This is only more evidence that the equal. But the other statement, instead thing which is likely to happen is just of causing any apprehension, should the opposite of what the prophets really be a reason for congratulation.

Turks persist in their intentions to continue the war notwithstanding the to have an influence on prices is a most fact that a peace pact was as good as gratifying sign of progress and of highconsummated, they will get all the war er and better standards of living. The they want and a little bit more. In fact that the initial cost is greater has the fighting that has taken place the no bearing on the ultimate value of the Young Turks in the field did not show food product. Certified milk costs themselves to be of the same effective more than ordinary dirty disease-carrymould of soldiers as were the Turks ing milk, but is it more expensive? of the old-fashioned variety.

Senator Price's bill for a rearrange ment of the personnel of the board of health so that the business interests seems to come nearer meeting the situation than does the one which has the widest discussion of this matter mand for pure food materials and the what man to have for a best beau so advanced, the easier it will be to ar- cause can account for only. been presented to the house by Reprive at the best possible solution.

A SATURDAY SERMON.

Withhold not good from them to who; is due, when it is in the power of thir and to do it. Proverbs III: 27.

If more people were disposed to advice handed down by Solomon, the foods, no matter what they may cost. good old world would take on added harms for the multitudes.

It is peculiar, but nonetheless true, that countless men and women do just the opposite. Innumerable deserv ing people plod their way along through life without getting even a nodicum of the good things to which they are entitled, of the help that should be extended to them. No wonder they become soured and embit tered. No wonder their burdens beome heavy. No wonder they become illed with an envy that oftimes deelops into hate. And much of this is the result of pure carelessness on

the part of others. Few are the humans, as a matter of fact, who are so wantonly selfish that they would grasp everything within reach for themselves. Indeed, the average run of folk are kind, generoushearted and sympathetic. They wouldn't injure any one or rob him of his desserts for anything under the sun. That is, they wouldn't do so intentionally. Nor would they fail to say an encouraging word, nor lend a helping hand, nor neglect to discharge their full duties to every one, if they happened to think about it.

But they don't think. That's the rouble. They travel along on the surface, wrapped up entirely in their own affairs. They pass by opportunities galore to do a little good in the world for their fellow men, to see that they get the good that is theirs. They are quick to send flowers to funerals, when the same kind of consideration would have been better placed beforehand.

Nowadays almost every one, who sees, or imagines a social or even an to economic sore, at once rushes to a law-making body and insists on the adoption of some sort of a measure designed to effect a cure. But the idea that law is the panacea for most of the ills of society is entirely wrong. The statute books could be loaded down with every possible kind of a measure that the ingenuity of countless brains could suggest, and yet the conditions in the world would not be materially improved thereby.

In man's duty to man as one is willing of his own volition to discharge it to another is to be found the only remedy for bringing about that peace and happiness which should prevail on this earth. And just to the extent tion of the rights of others, just so far will the civilization of today turn As friend, or his neighbor or the stranger who may cross his path. And why doesn't every one avail himself of the opportunities?

"SPOONING."

After that well-meaning woman philanthropist has invested her \$15,-000 in a "spoon" parlor in New York for the use of young folk who are not believed to have proper facilities for courting, her next and greater difficulty will be to rustle up patrons. 'Spooning" is anything but a cut-anddried affair. "Let's go and spoon" would probably be about the last proposal a young fellow would think of Still there are some who prefer the making to his girl, or her to him should Lean Year be on the calendar. "Spooning is a gentle and spontaneous outburst of the tender pass the moods are right, and the occasion and place propitious. For a couple to hike deliberately to a special place set apart for "spooning" would rob it of all its joys.

THE COST OF GOOD LIVING.

Two statements have appeared in ordered. However, Judge Pollock the newspapers recently regarding the ever-interesting subject of the present high cost of living. One was that, under present conditions, the cost of conthe producer to the consumer is seven head is a greater blockhead than an igveying six dollars' worth of food from dollars. The other was a statement from the department of agriculture that one of the factors in producing higher prices is the agitation for pure foodstuffs and the enactment and enforcement of pure food laws. These statements are typical of two most important forces at present influencing living conditions. One has to do entirely with management and administration. If it is true that it costs seven dollars to market six dollars' worth of food, and that the housewife is paying thirteen dollars for six dollars' worth of nourishment, the seven dollars' difference going to pay middlemen, railways, etc., this need cause no dismay. It simply means that our com That the American public is sufficient ly alive to the importance and value of pure foodstuffs for this knowledge When one considers the cost of medical services, nursing, medicines and loss of time and life caused by diseases trans mitted by dirty milk, it becomes evi dent that the first cost is not a fair criterion, and that clean, pure milk is far cheaper in the end, even though its initial cost is a few cents higher. of the present increase in prices, but

so far as it goes The Journal of the American Medical Association considers it a welcome sign, since it means better and purer foods and less sickness Let us not pay more than is necessary follow this excellent and reasonable for any food, but let us have pure

JOURNAL ENTRIES

A rolling-stone at least develops into pretty smooth article.

Lack of confidence is likely to be nore disastrous than over-confidence.

Many folk would become even more discouraged if they could look into the

People do foolish things in love, all right, and also under all other sorts of

Too many self-made men evidently didn't know when to stop in constructing the size of their heads.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

Oh joy! The ice harvest is finished the Jetmore Republican, and our ice men report that they are nov ready for the ice cream season.

As Verd Napier, of the Blue Mound Sun, explains it: Possession is ninetenths of the law, and the lawyers get nine-tenths of the possessions. Among the Prairie Ridge items in the Irving Leader: Why don't the young men go to church? Perhaps they would answer: "There are no girls there." On the theory that it is cheaper to

move than to pay rent, no doubt, re-marks the Sedgwick Pantagraph, some men figure that it is cheaper to get a divorce than to pay grocery Some real truth, from Miss Anna Carlson, of the Lindsborg News: Of course, life is full of woe and tribula-Carlson. tions, but it doesn't help matters any keep talking about them all the

time. Art Suhr is moving his household goods to Paradise. He is at present painting the M. E. church. Thus re-ports the Waldo Advocate, and it is reasonable to suggest that if Brother Suhr is working on a charity job his institutions have faded and disaptrip to Paradise will be made easier, if peared; it is hard to find a pair of conprayers will turn the trick.

Although there hasn't been much cold weather in Kansas so far this winter. many of the newspapers in various sections of the state report that excellent crops of ice have been harvested already in their neighbor-As a crop producer in any old field. Kansas is, indeed, in a class by

A North Carolina negro was brought out on the gallows to be hanged, relates the Harper Advocate: that each one takes it upon himself to said the sheriff, "have you anything to say?" "Yes, suh," said the condemned man, "I'se got a few words to suttinly is goin' to be a lesson to me." Related by the Oberlin Times: Little the words of Solomon, quoted above. Walter Pettis, one of the most original suggest, it is almost always within the youngsters in the county, came rushpower of one's hand to do good by his ing into the Times office Monday and said he had some news for us he wanted printed in the paper. He - came to school today with his pants on wrong-side backwards," We have not been able to figure out what condition the boy was in, but we are satisfied Walter had it right, alright. The Thimble Bees were delightfully Wednesday afternoon at entertained the home of Mrs. Perry Crouch, reports, the Goodland Republic. can be no doubt about this organization being a needle-work or sewing so-ciety, for the Republic is particular to add: There were sixteen busy bees present who never failed to buzz. Spontaneous wit, quick repartee and bubbling mirth seemed to be the order of the day.

GLOBE SIGHTS BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE

Gossip in a business office destroys ef

Very few really tough men wear slouch It doesn't take much to bring on litiga tion or lip disease

A convincing argument is the one or our side of the question. Even if you do got the best of an argument, what good will it do you? A woman's idea of Triumph is to induc her husband to go to church.

It's too bad, but when poor girls sud-denly appear in loud finery they at once become suspects.

Mrs. Jude Johnson, who recently begin reading the Ladies' Home Journal, is be coming so exalted in her opinions so may quit taking in washings and compe her husband to go to work.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS. (From the Philadelphia Record.)

It's all right to stand up for your rights but don't tread on other people's toes. The fellow who is fired with enthusias seidom the one who is fired by the box "All the world's a stage," quoted the Vise Guy, ' les, it's pretty much a ontinuous performance," added the Sim-

Intimate knowledge may be a magnify ing glass, but some men positively dwindle under it.

There must be some sort of middle ground between a married man's warning and a bachelor's advice. No. Maude, dear: there is little similar-it; between the milk of human kindness and the cream of society.

it would take nothing less than brass knuckles and a blackjach to knock the concelt out of some people.

Wigg-"Why don't you go to the dentist and have that tooth pulled?" Wagg-"I'm waiting for 80-cent gas.'

History discloses but one woman who had positive proof that she was the only woman her husband ever loved, and that "All men are fools," exclaimed the essimist. "True," agreed the optimist, but they are not reminded so often of it pessimist.

Blobbs—"I feel like the oldest man in the world." Slobbs—"What are you talk-ing about? You're not a day over 30." Blobbs—"Yes, but I've just been listening to a boy of 16 tell about the things he used to do when he was a kid."

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR. [From the New York Press.]

A self-made man gets patched up by pretty nearly everybody. Promises nearly always die of old age before they get a chance to come true. The trouble with having money is it takes more than you've got to live up

There's nothing makes a man so indig-nant as for his wife to have suspicions of him that are based on fact.

KANSAS COMMENT

SUSPENDERS SUSPENDED.

In Chicago recently a manufacturer of suspenders went into bankruptcy. That, of itself, wasn't strange but the reason set forth was unusual. He did not blame the Bull Octopus, nor the increased demand for automobile tires. The rubber in suspenders never lasted long enough to make much difference. No, none of these causes he offered, but blamed instead the ultimate consumer, who is generally counted on to make business profitable mate There aren't enough of him, any mor the manufacturer says, and turned his face and business toward the wall, and that right after a seathe wall, and that right after a sea-son of Yuletide when gay galluses in holly boxes have, or have had, such vogue. Belts are to blame, and the man who formerly attracted attention by making one of them do the work of a pair of suspenders has added allies until he can now claim a majority. and a hand in increasing the price of leather. It has been a quiet the belt, first posing as a thing of beauty rather than utility, in the old days when men wore shirt waists with suspenders under cover, but still bear-ing the burden of trousers. Then it was found the belt alone would do through the two-piece suit season, when the weather was warm and man didn't so mind the sensation that he was about to lose his nether raiment. it was believed that the suspender had a cinch on the situation in winter when its general utility could be concealed beneath a loud voiced vest. But from the evidence offered it seems not so. More and more the suspender is being suspended from the active list, particu-larly in the cities where man's bid for the beautiful is bolder than in the rural districts, so far as personal adornment is concerned. Of course the suspender is not due to become extinct, cld-fash-ioned men who seek the easiest way of keeping their trousers adjusted will see But its general use seems doomed, for it is the youngsters who are growing up to take our places who are the firmest allies of the belt. They shall form the habit which even increasing girth will not break. To men whose boyish ambition ran toward sus-penders it is hard to believe, but other institutions have faded and disapor a bootjack nowadays. Atchison Globe.

RURAL LIFE'S ADVANTAGES.

Country life has its drawbacks, but it has its great advantages which over-comes them. True, those who live in the country are "Rubes" and "Farm-ers" and "Hayseeds" to the cigarette smokers in town but the boast of the business man in the world today is that they were born on the farm. Take away the surrounding evils that beset the young men or women on the thres-hold of life's journey in the city, and demned man, "I'se got a few words to substitute the helpful influences of of a trip, however, had been planted say. I merely wishes to state dat this nature, and you fortify them for the in her mind. She knew a little of many sterner walks of life.-Sharon Springs

FROM OTHER PENS

MOVING PICTURE CENSORSHIP. The recent rapid increase in motion picture theaters and the obvious popularity of these cheap places of amuse-ment have attracted general attention to the desirability of maintaining a proper standard of improper pictures That a systematic effort is being made strictly to censor what are popularly know as the "movies" is shown by the report of the national board of censor ship of moving pictures for the year ended October 12, 1912. This board has its headquarters at No. 50 Madison avenue, New York, and is made up of well known men and women, many of whom represent prominent tions that are working on charitable and humanitarian lines. The expenses of the board, which are not large, were last year mostly defrayed by funds re-ceived from the People's Institute. It transpires from the report that for the previous two years 90 per cent of all motion pictures exhibited in the United States had before been inspected and approved by the board. It was announced that at the time the report was made in October all films were submitted to the board with the ex-ception of those privately owned by ertain well known commercial houses. the probity of which could not be questioned. At the close of the year cov-ered by the report about 16,000 theaters were completely censored by the national board and the entertainment of about 7,000,000 Americans daily thus supplied. The statistics show plainly that comparatively few domestic films come under the condemnation of board, although 4.119.000 feet of objectionable film produced abroad was kept off the American market.-Rochester Demo crat-Chronicle.

WHY NOT PROTECT THE FEET? If one doubts that half the people disregard the simplest rules of his health, let him observe the footwear of his fellow citizens in sloppy weather. Rubbers—the English call them goloshes—are clumsy impediment at

the best, but they constitute the best lung protectors known. Little children who splash merrily in all the puddles in soaking shoes, may be excused on the ground of hy-gienic ignorance, but parental indifference can hardly be overlooked. The sight of persons who have arrived at the age of discretion going about on wet pavements and sidewalks with only a thin and porous leather sole between their feet and the dampness is one that might well raise the hopes of struggling young physicians and encourage undertakers as to the busi-

Fever powders and cough medicines would have a less wide sale if the popular idea of what constitutes season-able winter dressing could be broadened to include thought for the feet as for the back-Decatur Herald.

DAFFYDILS BY U. NOALL.

If a sailor in the navy during gun practice hits plumb-center what does (Aye, aye, captain! Your orders shall be obeyed.)

Are not a good many prize fighters interested in paper mills? (Hit him again, while he's down.)

Would the old salts of the navy pepper the enemy if they were mus-(Yes, he's as funny as a crutch.)

THE THOUGHT.

golden thought today: thought, it set me smiling! O happy thought, it set me smiling: I turned it over every way. Then tossed it high, as 'twere a ball. Alas! Alas! My golden thought! Where have you flown? Where will yo fall?

I searched my little garden plot Till even-time, all unavailing. Until at last I quite forgot The treasure I had been bewailing But 'twixt the lights of night and I leap the wall, with you to play. And there I found my wilful stray Had flown from me to you.

Then lovely looks of shy surprise
That hovered in your dancing eyes
Explained how one thought multiplies
When It is shared by two.

—Max Plowman, in Westminster Gazette

THE EVENING STORY Apollos Three.

(By Dorothy Douglas.) Daphne gazed disconsolately out of the window. On the arm of her big chair lay the photographs of three men. For the moment the girl wished that she, too, like her namesake, might be turned into a laurel tree and thus escape the pursuit of her lovers.

"But I am in a much worse predicament than the nymph; she ing from but one Apollo, while I have three in warm pursuit." Six masculine eyes seemed to wait expectantly for an answer from her

lips. A petulant smile fluttered into

Daphne's face. "I really do not know which one of you I love," she said to the pictures. Antonio Beppo looked back at her with his dark eyes of southern Italy; Casper Ruyler's face expressed the North German stolidity and Jack Holliday was the

shaven American. "It takes Sis to pick out the good ookers." Daphne's brother was wont to remark when any or all of the suit-ors were in sight. "But it's a cinch she will have to select a winner and let the others go. I would toss a coin if it was my affair.'

"It would not only be undignified, but it would be disrespectful to toss a coin." thought Daphne, "yet I really must make up my mind which one to marry

spoke well for both Beppo and

Ruyter that they had come to Amer-ica as steerage passengers and that they were each now the owner of successful business premises. The business acumen under Daphne's nutbrown hair was more or less vague.
"It simply resolves itself into this, decided the modern nymph, "that since I cannot be turned into a laurel tree in order to escape my pursuers I will have to take a trip to the continent. Perhaps after a visit to both Italy and Germany I will know whether I prefer to live on black bread and olive oil or beer and pretzels." Daphne smiled at the light vein of thought into which she had drifted. The of the languages, and it was a scant week before Daphne had her trunke on top of a taxi and was whirling toward

the steamer docks. In her cabin trunk, carefully packed were the pictures of her three Apol-"If I have not made up my mind by the time I return." she mused, "I ill send them all away." She boarded the ocean liner and began her joyous trip.

was in Naples that Daphne had her first unusual experience. It wa in regard to Antonio Beppo. She had been sightseeing and had returned to the hotel. Having opened her door quietly, she was surprised to see the mald in her room stamping with both furious little feet upon something on

A swift glance at the fragments remaining told her that one of her be-loved Apollos was being smashed to A second glance at her bupieces. reau and the two photographs there told her that it was Beppo who was being trampled beneath the furious being trampled beneath little Italian's feet.

"He promised to come back for me!" Daphne could understand Ital-"He never come back! He make money and leave me here-waiting. I hate him! hate him! hate him! she burst forth and with a last stamp on Beppo's face she flew from the room. Daphne sank into a chair and viewed the wreckage. She knew not whether to laugh or cry. In her heart she felt sorry for the girls whom men leave behind them when they go to seek their fortunes. Afterward she swept up the fragments of the handsome Beppo's picture and as she flung them into the fireplace a peculiar sense of relief came over her. Certainly there was no love in her heart for the man who could eartlessly desert the sweetheart of his Italian days.

pack up and leave for Germany.

In Dresden the art was so beautiful and the framing so exquisite that Daphne decided to have her photo-

graphs reframed. In the little shop she went to that purpose she had a second experience. The rosy-cheeked matron behind the counter gave a start of surprise when she beheld the handsome face of Caspar Ruyter staring at her from Daphne's photograph. A quizzical smile was in her round blue eyes when she glanced at Daphne,

"Caspar Ruyter!" exclaimed the Ger-man frau in English. "He did flirt with me-before he go to America! She smiled back at Daphne and patted the head of a tiny tow-headed boy at her side. "I no love him long—he left me and I marry Fritz." The contented smile that basked in the little mother eyes told Daphne that no broken heart was hers.

Later, when she had left the shop, Daphne remembered that she had left her photograph of Caspar Ruyter lying face downward on the counter. Sh did not return for it. "It looks as if America would win," he mused. "There is but one of my

Apollos left in the race." On the way back home Daphne felt peculiarly happy. The ship was but a day out, and Jack Holliday's picture smiled back at her from the small toilet cabinet beside her birth. There were

two other girls in the cabin with her and she rejoiced when they in turn admired her handsome sweetheart The stewardess coming into the cabin with tea cast a surprised glance at the picture and then one at each of the

"Whichever one of you loves him," she remarked laughingly, "will have her hands full He smashed all the hearts on the ship when he crossed with t two years ago.

Daphne stifled a wild desire to scream. Three times running! There was certainly a hand of fate guiding her affairs. Holliday's picture lurched with the tossing of the ship and fell with a crash into the porcelain basin Daphne was content that the stewardess found it water soaked.

"Come up on deck before we have breakfast," put in Elleen O'Craig. "I want you to meet my brother. He is neither a Greek god nor a master of the arts but—adorable." Eileen had taken a sudden fancy to Daphne.

when Daphne found herself alone with a laughing Irishman who possessed a caressing voice and surplus of gentle flatteries she smiled inward

John O'Craig felt his pulses running high as he looked into Daphne's eyes. Suddenly the world had become to him a great forest and he was flying in hot pursuit after the nymph Daphne. But the modern nymph, instead of wishing to be turned into a laurel tree with which to crown the heads of Roman conquerors, stopped in the chase and turning held out her hands to him. questione

"Why do you smile?" que Daphne, innocent of his fancies. Till be after answering you in a fort-night," said O'Craig, and smiled when Daphne blushed.—(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

EVENING CHAT BY RUTH CAMERON.

On Simple Pleasures.

"Isn't it the strangest thing in the world how long it takes us to learn to accept the joys of simple pleasures? -and some of us never learn at all. 'Boo!' says the neighborhood, and we are instantly frightened into doing a thousand unnecessary and unpleasant things, or prevented from doing a thousand beguiling things."—David Grayson

Once upon a time I knew a grown up, married woman who, when she was asked what she wanted for Christmas, said that her chief desire was a double-runner.

was a double-runner.

At first her friends and family thought she was merely jesting. When they realized that she was serious they were much amused. "What would you do with a double-runner?" they asked. "What do people usually do with a double-runner?" she responded actions. defiantly. "Go coasting on it of

"What would people say?" came back at her, with an air of having settle the matter. "I don't know," ing settle the matter. "I don't know," she answered, "and I don't very much care. All my life I have wanted a double-runner. When I was a child double-runner. When I was a child I couldn't have one because we were too poor, and now I'm grown up and can afford it, I'm going to have one. If nobody gives it to me I'll go out and buy it for myself, and every time I get a chance I'm going coasting. I work hard all day and I'm going to have some exercise and amusement at night, besides embroidering and mak

ing calls."
In spite of this eloquence, Santa upon she carried out her threat and proceeded to maugurate the style of Don't ye I think that woman was a

very wise 1. "son? I do. And furthermore, I was both pleased and proud to have a seat on that double-runner offered me, and I accepted it long before you could say Robinson.

Is there so much healthy happiness so much inexpensive pleasure in the world, that we can afford to set aside world, that we can afford to set aside a goodly share of it as the exclusive property of children? I don't think so. It seems to me that if anyone could afford to do without these rich sources of happiness, it is the children themselves, who have such wells of happiness bubbling up inside them, that they don't so much need the outside sources; surely not we sedder sources; surely not we sadder grown-up folks who need everything we can possibly have to make us

It isn't anything to be ashamed of that one can still enjoy the pleasures of a child when one is no longer young in years. On the contrary, it is some-thing to be proud of, since it means that the child-heart which is always to be found in the greatest men and women is still alive in you.

the girl cried in her tempestous Coast or skate or build snow forts. grandchild to the circus, and say that you are going just for his sake. Don't feel self conscious and stiff when the youngsters ask you to sit down on the when you take you floor and romp with them. It is nothing to be ashamed of that your heart is still simple and unspoiled enough 'a take pleasure in these things. On the lect or another, contrary.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.] And a lazy man can't because he won t. Where there's a will there is one or core lawyers.

Society is a fence that shuts some peo-ple in and others out. No man can understand why w

"My number of Apollos has dimin-ished," she laughed, and decided to is the hardest way there is. Science tunnels mountains while figuring on moving mem Any thin woman can get plump with the right kind of a dressmaker.

There's always a chance for a man to become famous if he isn't a dead one.

Many a girl who starts out to make a name for herself can't make a loaf of bread.

t's generally a sign that his old friends are onto him. Lightning may not hit twice in the same place, but it is different with the chronic borrower.

A girl's air castle falls to earth when she realizes that the man she married is just an ordinary mortal like her father or brother. It is said that some insects reach ma-turity within thirty minutes after birth but some specimens of mankind do no mature in thirty years.

Untouched.

At the Democratic convention in Baltimore last summer two of the sergeants-at-arms were Ohloans—Col. John Bolan, of Toledo, and Capt. Joseph Dowling, of Dayton. Bolan is the wit who laid down the maxim that "any man who parts his hair in the middle is no Dimmycrat."

middle is no Dimmycrat."

When Cardinal Gibbons had finished the opening prayer, he descended from the rostrum and made his way toward the door. As he neared the exit where the two Ohio men were on guard, Bolan

whispered:
"Joe, touch him whin he passes ye."
"All right, colonel," replied Dowling,
with an innocent air, "What pocket
has he got it in?"—Popular Magazine.

"How did the moving pictures of the wedding turn out?" "Oh, splendidly. They caught the bride waen she was knocked senseless by being hit with an old shie, so that it is just us natural us life."—Ch cago Record-Herald.

"When I was a young girl a young man who was engaged to a girl asked her for a lock of her hair." "Yes, but in those days girls could afford to give away hair. They raised it themselves instead of buy-ing it."—Boston Record.

LURES IMMORTAL.

apparently frustrate, life hangs above us,
Cruel, dark, unexplained;
Yet still the immortal through mortal incessantly plerces
With calls, with appeals, and with luces.
Luce of the sinking sun, unto undreamed

islands,
Fortunate, far in the West;
Lure of the stars, with speechless news
o'erbrimming.
With language of darted light;
Of the sea-glory of opening lids of Aurora,
Ushering eyes of the dawn;
Of the callow bird in the matin darkness
calling.

calling.
Chorus of drowsy charm;
Of the wind, southwest, with whispering leaves illumined.

leaves illumined,
Solemn gold of the woods;
Of the intimate breeze of noon deepcharged with a message,
How near, at times, unto speech!
Of the sea, that soul of a poet a-yearn
for expression,
For ever yearning in vain!
Hoarse o'er the shingle with loud, unuttered meanings,
Hurling on caverns his heart.

rling on caverns his heart. of the summer night, what to communi-

cate, eager?

Perchance the secret of peace.

The lure of the silver to gold, of the pale

Of the seen to the real unseen; Of voices away to the voiceless, of sound unto silence,
Of words to a wordless calm;
Of music, doomed unto wandering, still

returning
Ever to heaven and home.
The lure of the beautiful woman through
flesh unto spirit,
Through a smile unto endless light;
Of the flight of a bird thro' evening over returning

Lingering in heaven alone; Of the vessel disappearing over the sea

of the vessel disappearing over the seamarge,
With him or with her that we love;
Of the sudden touch in the hand of a
friend or a maiden,
Thrilling up to the stars.
The appeal of the death of a soldier, the
mean just rising

moon just rising, Kindling the battlefield; O. the cup f water, refused by the thirst-ing Sidney.

ing Sidney.
With the final pang athirst;
Of the crucified Christ, let lo those arms extended.
Wide, as a world to embrace;
And last, and grandest, the lure, the invitation.
And sacred wooing of Death;
Unto what regions, or heavens, or

what regions, or heavens, or solemn spaces, Who, but by dying, can tell? -Stephen Phillips in the W Westminster

Gazette

SAYS UNCLE GAV

It is not good to approach any subject with preconceived notions, much less the general business of life. Most of our troubles arise from a conflict between life and the thing we believe life to be. It may be our religion, our politics, our morals, our science or our notions of conduct to which the trou-ble is due. The greater number of men begin the struggle of existence loaded down with huge quantities of misinformation. This Claus, being rather a conventional confection and a sad respecter of persons, as we know all too well, refused to misinformation. This does not necessarily wreck a life, but too often it does for the average man, is cursed does, for the average man, is cursed with a reverence for his own opinion that does not permit him to become amenable to reason or even to the influence of facts though they smite

Fetishism is not dead, though are fond of saying that it is. We still worship our mental fatishes, dare our neighbors to show us the error of our ways, grieve because we cannot make circumstances fit into our theories and go mad because our little philosophies go mad because our little philosophies fail to work out. Our immense con-ceit blinds us to the fact that we have been working on false premises instilled into our minds in childhood. and nourished by the same conceit that prevents us even now from seeing them in their real colors.

He that approaches the problems of life with an open mind finds little difficulty. He has no idols to serve, no dogmas to defend, no fanaticisms to justify. He wants facts and in there is anything that the life simple or the life complex is prodigal of, it is facts. The hunger burden of the world's woe is not in the facts of life, but in the discrepency between those facts and what we stubbornly contend those facts to be. We never quite outgrow that sacred concection of fact, fiction, hope and prejudice that was fed to our infent ant intellects in the name of "training" at mether's knee. Because we do not recognize these ideas as the mistakes of others, rather than our own conclusions, we continue to worship and to defend them with all the frenzy of the paranoiac. And

all of us are paranoiac upon one sub The lad who has been taught that The lad who has been taught that it is merely enough to be honest, will know the meaning of heartache before he learns the inadequacy of that prescription for success. There are no ravens to feed the virtuous incompetent today. We have to hustle for what we get and the lessen is said. petent today. We have to hustle for what we get, and the lesson is a pain-

ful one. He that has been taught to believe that merit is appreciated spontaneously may go through life hating the gentie art of advertising, to die foriorn and embittered at last. There is hope for him only if he learns from his hard knocks that strength must carry a shining shield and that no intelect can afford to hide its light under a bushel.

under a bushel.

The preconceived notion is a shackle. The only sane mind is the open one. The best training for youth is not that which contemplates fastening upon him the principles of any system, religious, moral, or industrial, but that which shail open his eyes to things that exist and enable him to draw his conclusions for himself. It is easier on the victim to be hammered into correct living by the blows of circumstances than it is to be hammered out of error and into righteousness. The man with preconceived eousness. The man with preconceived notions may fancy himself to be mor-ally and mentally responsible, but in reality he has been doomed from in-fancy to servitude, hard knocks, con-

HUMOR OF THE DAY

usion and hearthreaks.

"Has your friend any histrionic aspira-ions?" "Oh, he don't bother any about history. He wants to be an actor."—Bal-imore American.

Lawyer-My retaining fee will be \$5,000. Prisoner (in cell for murder)-Gee, it costs a lot to live, nowadays.-Puck

Mrs. Justwed-Just think of it, dearest one. Twenty-five years from day before vesterday will be our silver anniversary. -Judge. 'What do you do when you forget your lines?" "I just repeat the multiplication table in a muffled voice," said the emotional actress. "I had the house in tears the other night over nine times nine are eighty-one."—Washington Herald.

so dangerous as her hatpin.—Charlest n News and Courier.

"I want a nice book for an invalid." Something religious, madam?" "Er-no-he's convalescent."—Boston Transcript.